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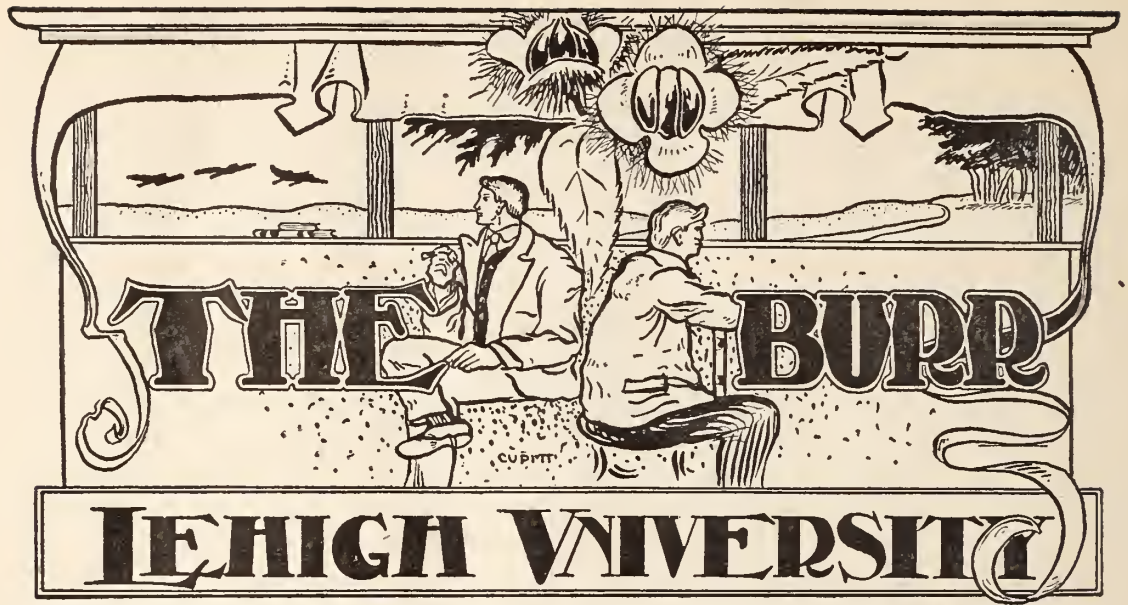








SUMMER REVERIES.



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Volume II.

May 11, 1906.

Number 9.

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### STAFF.

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of Lehigh University.

Contributions must be in the hands of H. R. Lee, 431 Cherokee, South Bethlehem, Pa., not later than the tenth of the month for which they are intended.

All communications should be addressed to H. E. Steele, 471 Vine Street, South Bethlehem, Penna. Copy for change of advertisements must be in the hands of the business manager by the first of the month.

THE BURR is on sale at the principal news stands in Bethlehem.

Single copy, 15 cents. \$1.25 per year in advance.

Entered at Bethlehem Post-office as second-class matter, June 18, 1904.

Office of publication, 144 South Main Street.

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OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE. OTHER KNOCKERS PLEASE COPY.

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## Editorial.

With this issue the members of the BURR Board for '06-'07 assume their offices. To the retiring Senior members we wish to express our appreciation of their past efforts and publicly acknowledge that to them is largely due the present prosperous condition of the BURR. Under their careful guidance our paper has safely passed the crisis of its youth and we promise them that our every effort shall be put forth to continue their good work. As they go out from college we hope their interest in our welfare will not be in the least diminished. To the college boys and general public we wish to state that the outlook for the BURR for next year is very bright. Several good men have become interested and we feel sure of being able to put out a paper of which Lehigh may be justly proud. There is no

**The New  
Board.**



reason why we may not. We have the material and we need the paper. It is our duty, as men of Lehigh, to make the intellectual and moral development of our University keep pace with her material advancement. Each man has his share to do. Stand up for Old Lehigh.

\* \* \*

College men, for the most part, read too hastily anything outside of their text books. At any rate, this is true at Lehigh and is due, very largely, to the fact that we consider such matter as of relatively little importance and consequently worthy of very little time. For newspapers and novels this attitude is, perhaps, justifiable but for the reading of any matter which is of a weightier nature it is not so. A half more time in such cases will give double or triple returns. It may be objected that when a college man picks up a book he is usually not mentally fitted to apply himself. He wants rest, not work. If this is the case let the rest come through physical exercise or cheerful conversation, for careless reading is decidedly harmful. If you are inclined to doubt it ask a man who devours every new novel, for a synopsis of one of them. Or ask a newspaper fiend what happened yesterday. The chances that you will get a satisfactory answer are very small. Such reading destroys memory, baffles judgment and neglects reason.

\* \* \*

The unanimous adoption of certain college customs at the college meeting on Friday, May 25th, was a very decided step on the part of Lehigh students. Some of these are slightly different from by-gone years and their observance will require some care on the part of the men who return next year. To assume a custom is rather a paradoxical step, so if these changes are ever to become customs, in the true sense of the word, they must have close observance for a number of years. After a step is once taken it is too late to discuss its propriety, so it is up to the Sophomores to see that they and the entering class live up to these new rules.

\* \* \*

Time has rolled another year into eternity and another class is about to leave Lehigh. A strong class it has been and one that has left its mark on the records of Lehigh University. The members of this class have been enthusiastic workers for our welfare and we hope that, as alumni they will be as strong and zealous for our good as they were when students.

\* \* \*

The performance of "As You Like It," by the Ben Greet Company, Monday afternoon, June 4, on Dr. Drinker's lawn, was beyond every one's expectation. After the performance nothing but unstinted praise was to be heard. Those who were present received a rare treat for the efforts of weather, nature, and man seemed combined to bring about a perfect entertainment. The committee is to be congratulated upon the success of the day, and we feel sure that if such a presentation is again given, the goodly attendance of college men will be greatly increased.

# "THE SHYSTER."

---

"But Jack, I don't see how boys ever studied any with this lovely campus and these sweet old buildings to look at all the time."

It was late in the month of June, and to the two honeymooners sitting in the shade of a magnolia under Old Packer's ivy-covered walls, the scene was indeed beautiful.

"It didn't always seem this way to us," answered the young man, addressed, "I can remember the icy winter days of my freshman year, when we slipped and scrambled up these walls, in deadly fear of being locked out of Math., and Packer Hall seemed a veritable blot on the face of the earth. It all looks different now."

The girl reached over and drew a well-worn booklet from his pocket, and began aimlessly to flutter the leaves.

"How long ago it seems since I began that diary," he continued, "and yet it is only five years."

She glanced at the brief inscription on the title page:—

ME AND MY DEEDS,  
BY JOHN W. POWERS, JR.,  
CLASS OF 19—.

Pausing to read only a few of the laconic entries of the first portion such as:—

Nov. 25th—Beat Lafayette 5-0. Dr. says I will be on my feet again by Tuesday.

Jan. 1st—Made new resolutions.

Jan. 2nd—Broke them all.

March 9th—Pop's experiments worked to-day.

April 20th—Passed my first quiz in gymnastics,

she passed on to the account of commencement, two years later.

June 7th—Letter from Evelyn to-day. She will arrive Saturday and my new suit isn't done yet. Wish she wasn't so blamed particular about clothes. This being half-engaged to a girl isn't the blissful state it's cracked up to be.

June 8th—In a pretty pickle. Carrott's sister, Lucy, is coming to-morrow and he's so blooming busy on the June Hop committee that he can't do the family honors, so it's up to me. "Carrott" is a good fellow and a fine chap for a room-mate, but he certainly is a typical Irishman on looks, and I'll bet his sister is just like him. He says she is red-headed, too. Well, I see where I have my hands full with Evelyn and Miss O'Brien coming on the same train.

June 9th—Evelyn arrived this a. m. on the "Queen of the Valley," looking as stunning as usual. While I was chinning away with her old folks, up came the other girl and said: "Is this Mr. Powers?" "Here are the checks. Mr. O'Brien said you would look after the baggage," and before I had more than time to tip my hat and say: "Certainly, Miss O'Brien," she was off again. That's what I call cool; and the idea of Carrott's own sister calling him "Mr. O'Brien." She is as homely as a mud fence. Looks just like Carrott and I've promised to take her to the June Hop for him. Gad, she looks like a wash-woman. I don't see what he wanted her to come to commencement for. She won't enjoy it a bit.

June 10th—That fool, Archie Warren, hung around Evelyn all day. I scarcely got a chance to speak to her. Looks like a fellow would have sense enough to see when



he is not wanted. She didn't seem to mind at all, in fact, I half believe she liked it.

June 12th—Hurrah, I'm out of this hole, anyway. No June Hop for mine. Was fooling around the gym this a. m., fell off the bars and sprained my ankle. Doctor says I can't possibly dance to-night. I hate to be a shyster but there's nothing left to do but get a substitute for Miss O'Brien.

June 13th—Well, of all consummate asses, I am the limit. Got tired loafing around the house last night so I hobbled over to look on at the hop. Was just sprawling on the terrace, hoping Evelyn would come out for a breath of air and cursing my luck to the surrounding atmosphere when a voice—low, sweet and mellow—a voice that a fellow would go around the world to hear again, said:

"Why, Mr. Powers, I wouldn't be so angry about it." I jumped and looked around to see Carrott standing on the edge of the terrace behind me, and with him, an angel, just simply an angel, too divinely fair, with her halo of wavy auburn tresses, to be of this earth. How Carrott happened to be with her I didn't know and didn't care. I can dimly recall his astonished "So you know each other already?" and then, somehow, we were alone on the terrace, and that mellow voice was rippling on about my poor ankle, and how sorry she was. It didn't strike me as being at all strange that this creature out of Heaven should know all about me. I was content to sit and listen indefinitely. It was only when some blackguard came up and claimed the next dance, that I overcame my desire to tear him apart, and coming partially to my senses, squeezed in at the crowded door to watch for my unknown goddess.

"There she is," I yelled, grabbing the arm of the nearest stag, who happened to be Archie Warren. "The one in black, with

the auburn hair—who is she?"

"Jack, you lunatic, you are pointing at Carrott O'Brien's sister. What's the matter with you?"

"You're crazy yourself," I fairly shouted, and then suddenly stopped, for the angel was looking up and smiling—yes, there was no mistake, she was smiling at me.

"Say, Archie," I whispered, "Please come out here and kick me all the way down to Packer Avenue."

"Be delighted, I assure you, old chap," said he coolly, "but I have the next waltz with Evelyn."

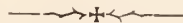
June 14th—O Lord, it's all over college. The girl I saw at the train was her maid, and she has known about it all the time. I'll never be able to hold up my head again. I've wired to the lunatic asylum to reserve a cell in ward No. 23 for me.

June 17th—She has forgiven me. Says she knew I didn't sprain my ankle on purpose. She was looking for me that night of the hop to tell me how sorry she was.

June 18th—Lucy left to-day. It is all up with me. I must have her. There is nothing to do but to go in and win that girl whether she wants me or not.

"But the girl did, didn't she, Lucy?" asked the young bridegroom rapturously, as he leaned over and kissed the happy girl beside him.

H. R. FAISON, '09.



Fresh. Civil—"I'm going home to study Forestry to-night."

Junior Civil—"I'm going out to study Palmistry."



O men, be humane to all conditions of men, to every age, to everything not alien to mankind.—*Rousseau*.



*Uneasy Lies the Head that Studies Calculus.*

### The Wail of the Freshman.

**Math, Math, Math!**

That's one thing I never could see,  
But Johnnie and Pop and the Dr.,  
They put it all over me.

I studied all night on Mechanics,  
Yet couldn't get more than an E,  
And the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors  
Say how awfully dumb I must be.

The Freshman Class moves onward,  
Advancing by rapid degree,  
But I'll never get my "sheepskin"—  
This Math is so hard for me.

Let mathematicians and geometricians  
Talk of circles' and triangles' charms.  
The figure I prize is a girl with bright eyes  
And the circle that's formed by her arms.

Is Molly Toole immortal?—No.  
Yes, but she is—I'll prove her so:  
She's fifteen now and was, I know,  
Fifteen full fifteen years ago.

HANS DE VEIL.

When Job contending with the devil, I saw  
It did my wonder, not my pity draw;  
For I concluded that without some trick,  
A saint at any time could match Old Nick.

John:—"They say Bill always keeps his  
word."

JIM:—"Yes, for nobody will take it."



## My Lady Nicotine.

In my dreaming, as I lie.  
A fair damsel I descri—  
She's the fairest ever seen.  
She's my lady. Nicotine.

As her servant I will live.  
For her all for me she'd give.  
She's faultless as I deem—  
Is my lady. Nicotine.

When I'm weary and would rest  
By her presence I am blest.  
She's the beauty of the scene.  
She's my lady. Nicotine.

Since her spirit life can give.  
For my lady I will live—  
She's my fairy. she's my queen—  
Is my lady. Nicotine.

Mabel—"I hear Harry Worth's father has started him in business."

Chollie—"Yes, he concluded, after seeing his first term bill, it was cheaper to pay him a salary."

## AUCTION.

Ho! lassies and ladies, come hither, I pray.  
No money or purses are needed, I say,  
For goods that have value or uses to pay,  
For this is the day we give Seniors away.

Just state how you'll have him, a short or a tall,  
Long legs and big feet or legs short and feet small.

Quite nerveless you want him or plenty of gall?

First come is first served by her choice of them all.

Long nose? Yes, we have them. Red hair?  
That we have, too.

We have them that any or all things can do,  
From buying your bonnet to lacing your shoe—

I'm sure, my lady, our stock will please you.

Haste, then, to the market, no longer delay,  
For men that are mortal and made out of clay

Can never be dearer or better than they—  
Seize time by the forelock, for they will not stay.



## LOVE'S PROVING.

Jack Harper gazed into Milly Marsh's eyes and wondered if she could once have been the little girl with whom he had romped and quarrelled. They had not seen each other for eighteen years. He was nine and she seven then, and now they were alone again.

How beautiful she was. Strangely his thoughts drifted to those happy, care-free, days. He wondered if she, too, thought of them with the same feeling he did.

"Yes," she had said "You are changed a great deal. How tall you are. I should never have known you on the street."

"You, too, are changed," he replied. "Tell me do you ever think of those good old days?"

"Often," she said, a trifle softer.

"And do you remember the day my mother brought me over to say good-by, what you said?"

"I can't remember," she said, a trifle softer, "I remember you were here."

"You put your little hands into mine and —"

She drew a deep breath, the color coming and going on her cheeks.

"Oh yes," she said, looking down when he hesitated, "I remember now about that."

"And I drew you close to me and then put one of my arms around you and ——."

"I had forgotten that," she murmured, moving nearer.

"But I remember it as if it were yesterday," he went on, bending his shapely head towards her, "and letting your head rest against me, you ——."

She gave a happy gasp and looked at him timidly.

"You said you would —— can't you re-

member what you promised you would do?"

"No, Jack," she whispered, prepared to gladly surrender, "what was it?"

"You promised if I wouldn't call you 'Bow-legged Milly' any more you'd never call me 'Sawed-off' again. You see I have outgrown my shortness. How about ——."

But she turned from him and hied herself away to the moaning of the winds through the pines.

As for him he left and married the other girl who was rich.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖



BILL

She.—Why, I never knew you were a Lehigh graduate; you don't look like one.

He.—No; I don't want to shock you.

A traveller coming to an inn, said: "Pray, friend, are you master of this house?" "Yes, sir," answered Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

### THAT WON'T DO.

I can't imagine why it is,  
I surely cannot tell;  
But every time I try a rhyme  
It really sounds like—  
No, that won't do.

And when again in rhythmic strain  
I try to spin a yarn;  
The people that are listening  
Don't seem to care a ——  
No, that won't do.

So now I guess I'll give it up,  
I'm not in my right class,  
I'll hie me back to simple prose  
Before I'm called an ——  
No, that won't do.

Another thing I can't explain,  
As clever as I am,  
Whate'er I write in metric verse  
Don't prosper worth a ——  
No, that won't do.  
—Ex.

—+—

A LADY the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live, now?" "Please ma'am, I don't live nowhere now," rejoined the girl, "I am married."



## At One Twenty-five Per.

---

Every little bit helps, all right. Could you make it a V, old man? Thanks! That ought to hold out till the next bunch of mazuma drifts hitherward from the dear old folks.

Now, can you or anyone else tell me why a fellow will be mut enough to poke his nose out of doors when his surplus is running low and his monthly allowance is a week to the windward? It's got me guessing but nevertheless I noticed we keep right on wandering out and butting into places where it costs a thousand per just to breathe.

Did you ever start out to be a hot biscuit on 30 cents and a brass front and the first thing you know you're on your back, pawing the air, and trying to figure out who handed you the last kick? That's where I woke up.

I'll tell you. Bob—sure you know him, Senior Mechanical—well he and I happened to stroll up Main Street last eve, to take in the sights, no harm meant. Along we went and suddenly navigated into two fairies whom we knew real well. No time to kiss ourselves good-bye, for we got the glad hand and knew it was all off.

Us for a stroll but none for theirs. One proceeded to hand out a little song and dance, said she wanted to take in Dorney's. I fell into Bob's arms. Did you get that? Dorney's! I was jingling one and a quarter and Bob had about that, and I had figured by playing real close to the weather, I could get away with enough for sinkers for a week.

Well, I hung my flags at half-mast to let Bob know the treasury was dead. He gave me a long, sad look to say here's where he got off, and we hailed a car. Now what do you think of two such shallow fronts allowing themselves to be bumped up against a game like that? However!

The ride was real lovely and the girls made it livelier by telling us all we must see at twenty cents per see. Eh! Well, I knew every four-flush got called sooner or later, but I thought to myself, "You'll be sooner, all right."

"The burial grounds arrived in view and the merry fun began. The girls almost twisted themselves crooked rubbering around to see what was the best thing to begin on, to loosen us from our change. They were both for the shoot the shoots, but I made a roar and said I had a weak heart. Bob came in nobly with a story of a fifty power accident at Coney. Oh we were the Hall Room brothers all right.

Foolish us! We might have known it would have taken a good long while to fight our way in and going up and around, and the girls would have been so scared they'd have wanted to paddle straight home to mother. But no, we side-stepped it only to run into worse.

About this time Marge—that was mine—espied ye olde mill and made a great holler for it. Chum balked at it 'cause she was afraid of the tunnel, but Marge was game, so in we went.

Have you been there? You see its like an old mill outside with a big paddle-wheel boosting water through a regular canal that runs in one side and out the other. You get into a boat and they tell you to keep your hands off the scenery and then shoot you into the rathskeller.

You hold onto something so it's each other. Pipe! Especially as it's dark in between scenes and from Switzerland you go by way of a cotton field in Georgia to the North Pole and all

the while the loveliest winds and twists so that your canoe is all alone in its own little turn.

It hit me, Dixey was good enough to stay in, so I put out my foot and stopped the ship. We were having the only good time that eve when slam, bang! into us comes the next craft. Maybe they weren't sore on me and Marge. All at me. As if I wasn't sore on myself.

When we got out, everyone was grouchy. We managed to hold them in their chairs while the band played; that was free. Then they made a break for the tin type shack, the fortune-teller and a few other grafts like that, and just as Bob whispered to me that he had only fifteen cents left, they discovered the crowd skidooing for the vaudeville and they were up and away.

Then I had a bright and happy inspiration, I told them to wait while I hustled ahead and got the tickets. I dashed into the crowd, fought up to the window and then fell back as if stabbed and came back in a terrible state of excitement and told 'em I'd been touched in the push for all I had. Then I tore up to a cop nearby and had a little earnest conversation on the weather with him. They thought I was reporting the touch.

It was pretty coarse work but when a fellow gets to fingering the last few nickles in his pocket with no free graft ahead he's liable to do anything. We hustled the girls home, gave them a swift farewell and handed each other a bunch of good swift kicks all the way home.

The next time we go out a week before our cash arrives, we won't.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

## PETE, THE PIGEON.

---

Pete, as he was called around the office, was a stool-pigeon. The greatest part of his work consisted in shadowing the frequenters of gambling joints and other disreputable houses for information useful to the detective bureau which employed him. He had always declared he was cut out for a great detective and that some day he would get his opportunity and prove his worth.

Late one night after a fruitless day's work he was passing a spacious mansion when he saw two suspicious looking customers furtively emerge from a side door, one of them attempting to conceal a small box which he carried. Like a flash that great intellect surmised what was up. He had discovered a gang of robbers! Stealthily he darted after the men through a myriad of alleys and back streets. He shadowed as he had never done before. He felt that this was his longed for opportunity and he determined nothing would make him lose the trail.

Suddenly he discovered they were headed for the river, and he feared lest they should escape him. In a few moments his worst

fears were realized for he saw them reach the water front. There was a hurried consultation; a fumbling at the box. With fiendish craft Pete crept upon the unsuspecting pair. The shorter raised a white object high above his head muttering, "Now for it." With a wild yell Pete hurled himself forward to intercept the hiding of the loot. Before he could reach it there was a splash. He was too late. He heard a hoarse whisper, "It floats," and he was upon them. With a startled cry they fled for their lives.

Seeing he was too late to intercept them, Pete dove into the river. He perceived it a short distance from him. With desperate effort he battled with the raging waters, but spurred on by visions of the fame which awaited him, he struggled on indomitably. A dozen times he was nearly overwhelmed, but nothing could shake the iron will of the great detective. Summoning all his energies to a superhuman effort he shot through the water and reached it. As his anxious fingers closed upon it, he saw to his amazement indented in its surface the words "Ivory Soap."

H. G. H.



## The Doctor's Love Story.

---

"You've all heard of the proverbial stubbornness of the hog," said Jack, "but he has other qualities. Let me tell you a story in which a hog played one of the principal parts.

"Widow Waters lived in the country about two miles from the little town of Tawnery. She had a good-sized farm and was moderately well-to-do. So many a greedy glance was cast across her broad acres by the far-seeing gentlemen of the neighborhood. Mrs. Waters had many friends in her prosperity and not a few suitors.

For some time past she had been unwell, and the village doctor, a middle-aged man of varying practice, came sometimes to see her. His visits became more frequent and prolonged and the sages of the countryside looked askance and made suspicious remarks. It became the usual thing to see the doctor ride up on his pony two afternoons of the week.

All other combatants in the field began to look upon the doctor with a fearful eye, and it seemed he had really the best of the situation.

One day, when the widow was awaiting, rather impatiently, the doctor's coming, two of her lady friends called and spoiled her prospects for the moment. But they rather helped her pass the time, for the doctor did not come so soon as usual and she was becoming worried about him. In fact, he was having troubles of his own. His nag, which had a strain of the mustang in his veins, refused to be caught in the back lot for a good half hour, and his master had promised him some special exercise when he once got on his way, adding that maybe he would be ready to stand when he got done with him.

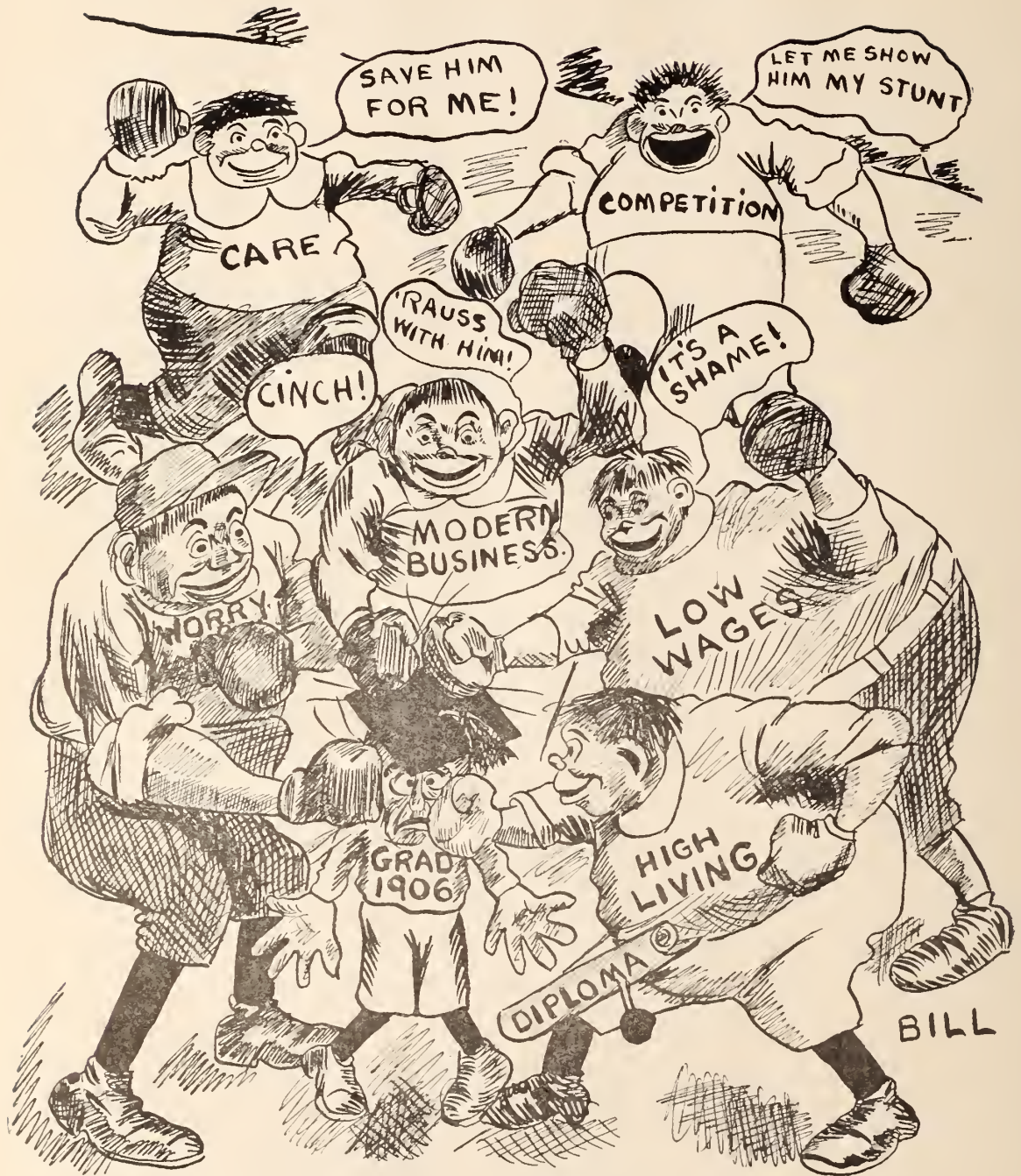
At any rate, it seemed that Bill hadn't been overworked lately, and he was rather frisky. Scarcely had half the journey been accomplished when the animal pretended fright at a bit of paper and started off down the road at a full gallop. The doctor being not a little

angered, thought he would now fulfil his promise, and, clinging to the reins, gave the nag a few spurs in the flank by way of incentive.

Directly the widow's lane hove into sight and the doctor thought it time to slacken his pace, but the mustang would have none of that and kept straight on. He turned in at the lane, however, for he had been there before. Now, it was about time for the cows to be taking their siesta and one happened to be lying directly in front of the open bars leading into the barnyard. Nothing daunted, the horse, with his rider, made straight for the bars. Bossy, with a frantic effort, jumped up and rushed across the yard, arousing the brood sow from her lair. With a loud snort she started from her nest at an angle to the cow's course, and met the mustang squarely as he was coming in on the home stretch. Now hogs don't stop when they start to go any where, so the mustang felt that he had to, and did so, very efficiently.

With a rather successful but not very artistic somersault, the doctor landed squarely on the sow's back. Quickly adjusting himself to his new environment, he seized her tail with one hand and an ear with the other. Before he fully realized his change of travelling accommodations he was being hied into the widow's back yard. The old sow knew that the yard had a front gate, too, and thither she directed her course. Here spectators were not lacking, for the widow had cleverly shortened the visit and her friends were just taking leave. Just as the sow passed under a low rosebush the doctor either lost faith or grip and fell off. He assured his compassionate friends that he wasn't hurt, but that all his medicines were in his saddle-bags and he must needs get them, and he set off hatless, after the mustang, which had turned homeward.

The widow had a new doctor after that."



"Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!"





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